The Motto thus : *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

The ſixt Knight.

King. And what's the ſixt and laſt, the which the Knight himſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie delivered ?

Thai. He ſeemes to be a ſtranger : but his Preſent is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top ;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe vivo.*

King. A pretty morrall ; from the dejected ſtate wherein hee is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better than his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his juſt commend : For by his ruſty out-ſide, he appeares to have practiſed more the Whipſtocke, than the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes us ſcan
The outward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you'r welcome, were ſuperfluous.
I place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes ;
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe :
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes and my gueſts.

Thai. But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I give,
And crowne you King of this dayes happineſſe.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) than by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that envies it :

In framing an Artiſt, Art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed,
And you her laboured ſcholler : come Queene of th' feaſt,
For (daughter) ſo you are, here take your place :
Martiall the reſt, as they deſerve their grace.

Knights. We are honoured much by good *Simonides.*

King. Your preſence glads our dayes, honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marſh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not ſir, for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envie the great, nor doe the low deſpiſe.
You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Iove* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not thought upon.

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate doe ſeeme unſavory,
Wiſhing him my meate : ſure he is a gallant gentleman.

King. Hee's but a country gentleman : has done no more
Than other Knights have done, has broken a ſtaffe,
Or ſo : let it paſſe.

Thai. To me he ſeemes Diamond to Glaſſe.

Per. Yon King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels me in that glory once he was,
And Princes ſat like ſtars about his Throne,
And he the Sunne, for them to reverence ;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacy ;
Where now his ſunne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath fire in darkneſſe, none in light :
Whereby I ſee that time's the King of men,
For hee's their Parents, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

King. What, are you merry Knights ?

Knights. Who can be other in this royall preſence ?

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